

Fluff for Yokohama's Resident Independent PI and Superintendent  
by VanityPimples

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Fluff for Yokohama's Resident Independent PI and  
Superintendent

**\*\*A Little Informal There, Nice\*\***

**\*\*Fandom:\*\*** Hamatora

**\*\*Summary:\*\*** Nice likes to snuggle with a certain lilac-haired superintendent of Yokohama. Murasaki would have appreciated a forewarning.

**\*\*Pairing:\*\*** NiceArt

**\*\*Rating:\*\*** PG

**\*\*Warnings:\*\*** None

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** Don't own.

**\*\*Wordcount:\*\*** 1,066

For 10\_per\_genre. #01: Cuddle/Snuggle

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><p>The first time Nice throws his arm around the lilac-haired superintendent of police, Murasaki feels his heart beat out his ribs and slam against his palate.<p>

"What are you doing!? That's the \_superintendent of police!\_" and "Please, please \_no. \_Why is the superintendent \_pretty?\_" and "Nice, so help me, if you grope the manâ€|!" are the prominent thoughts running through Murasaki's head. Murasaki is ready for Yokohama's

superintendent to kick them out of his office and retract the case offered to Hamatora. Possibly file a suit. Could the man file a suit? \_Would he?\_ Murasaki's heart palpitates and he thinks, a little hysterically, of tomorrow's news headlines boldly stating: Independent PI Duo Arrested For Harassing Yokohama's Darling Inspector!

Contrary to Murasaki's fears, the man only shifts his weight and says, "Hello, my name is Art. It's a pleasure to meet you. Murasaki, correct?" When Mursaki nods a silent yes, Art smiles and proceeds to brief them about the case.

Shock, however, has rendered his ears lame and Murasaki flits his wide eyes between Nice, grinning and languid, and Art. It is difficult, Murasaki finds, to concentrate when one's partner is draping himself over your client like a human shawl. When Art asks if Murasaki has any concerns, some portion of his brain that is still functioning thinks, \_Nice isn't even ogling the police women\_. The world, suddenly, is a very weird and unfamiliar place.

Murasaki shakes his head no. It is not necessarily a reply.

Art says, "Good. If there are any concerns or questions that arise later, please be sure to call me."

"Sure, thing Art!"

\_Not even Art-san!\_ Murasaki feels something in his chest give out. He isn't quite sure what it is, but he thinks it might have been important. \_How was he the number one student?\_

By the time the duo have left the police station Murasaki has regained the ability to speak. But, when Murasaki reprimands Nice for being so informal with the superintendent of police, Nice only gives him an odd, blank look.

"Art's fine with it, though."

Murasaki wonders how long his heart will last. He gives it five years, max. He walks despondently to his new car. It is shining and polished and new and Murasaki wonders how long it will last. (But he knows, with a manic, stressed certainty, that the answer is "less than a month.")

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The first time Murasaki sees Nice throw his arm around Art, Murasaki is too relieved not to be facing harassment charges to notice the way Nice curls his arm around Art so the man is pressed right against him or the way Art relaxes into Nice's hold.

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><p>The fifth time Nice grabs hold of Inspector Art and buries his face in the other man's hair, they are at Caf   Nowhere. It is then, over tiny cakes and sugary treats,<p>

("You don't have to pay!")

"No, I insist. Besides, I always pay for Nice.")

that Murasaki learns that the two of them knew each other from Facultas. Back then, Murasaki had been concentrated on surpassing Nice to be the number one student and had ignored the gossiping of his classmates in favor of training harder. He had, however, heard the rumors of a student that had never actualized a Minimum yet was apparently skilled enough in other areas to remain at the academy.

Murasaki blinks. "You're the purple-haired beauty?"

Art spits out an arc of sweetened tea.

Nice glares at Murasaki as he pats Art's back.

Coughing a bit, Art says, "Iâ€|don't remember ever being called â€" " Art stops, face pink. "But, yes, we knew each other from Facultas." The inspector averts his eyes and turns to the wet spot on the table where his spit-take hit. Gathering a couple of napkins, Art extracts himself from Nice's hold and wipes the mess. A stilted silence stretches.

Nice stares at the back of Art's head for a moment before saying, eyes soft as a rose's petal, "Yeah. And you were amazing enough to graduate without a Minimum."

Art laughs and, finishing his cleaning, pushes himself back into Nice's hold. "Thanks," he says, quiet. Nice grins.

The atmosphere, Murasaki thinks, feels odd. But, Murasaki only nods and takes another bite of cake, happy to have found a logical reason as to why Nice, who wields a smile like a shield, would open his arms to the inspector. And why Art, in turn, would allow such a disregard of personal boundaries. (Murasaki ignores the odd tingle of suspicion he feels.)

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The fifth time Nice hugs Art close, Murasaki is only glad that the two of them are able to support each other. After all, friendships help people grow.

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><p>One day Nice embraces Art. The Yokohama police force has long averted their eyes with small smiles and fond rolls of their eyes. Nice and Art make whispered comments to each other and then, at a moment when Murasaki, used to the two's antics, turns to ask something, Art winks.<p>

\_Winks\_.

\_At Nice\_.

\_At a crime scene.\_

And the PDA makes all the sense in the universe.

Later, when Murasaki asks Nice why he didn't just tell him that Art was his boyfriend, Murasaki receives a now-familiar blank look and

the words, almost bitter, "He's not my boyfriend."

This time, however, Murasaki returns the blank look with one of his own. He wonders why he deals with people like Nice and Art.

(And then he realizes, with a terrible, blossoming horror, that he's incontrovertibly attached to the pair.)

"Yo, Murasaki. Are you alright? You look pale."

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One day, after an uncountable number of times Nice had cuddled with Art â€" \_Because that's what is was! Is!\_ - Murasaki comes to the horrible epiphany that \_he is surrounded by UST-making machines \_and that\_ he feels obliged to help them out.\_

Murasaki reviews his life choicesâ€| and proceeds to crumple in on himself.

\_("Oi. Nice, what's Murasaki doin'?"\_

\_"Is Murasaki ill? Does he need to go to the hospital?\_

\_"I have no idea. He justâ€| started mumbling to himself. Maybe the crime scene was too rough on him?"\_

\_"â€|did he eat something bad?")\_

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><p>Years later, Nice and Art will still snuggle â€" even more shamelessly affectionate since their engagement â€" and Murasaki will smile before turning around and striking up an amiable conversation with Gasquet and some police officers.<p>

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Years later, Murasaki will add a couple more years to his heart's estimated longevity.

End  
file.